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DARTMOUTH LITERARY



MONTHLY.

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THE DARTMOUTH LITERARY MONTHLY.

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THE DARTMOUTH LITERARY MONTHLY

Is published each of the nine months of the college year by a board of editors from the Senior and Junior classes. Its endeavor will be to represent the literary spirit of Dartmouth, and to incite the students to more careful and thorough work in the study of literature.

The editors from succeeding classes will be chosen according to merit, as shown by competition. In this choice, some member of the Faculty will act with the regular board.

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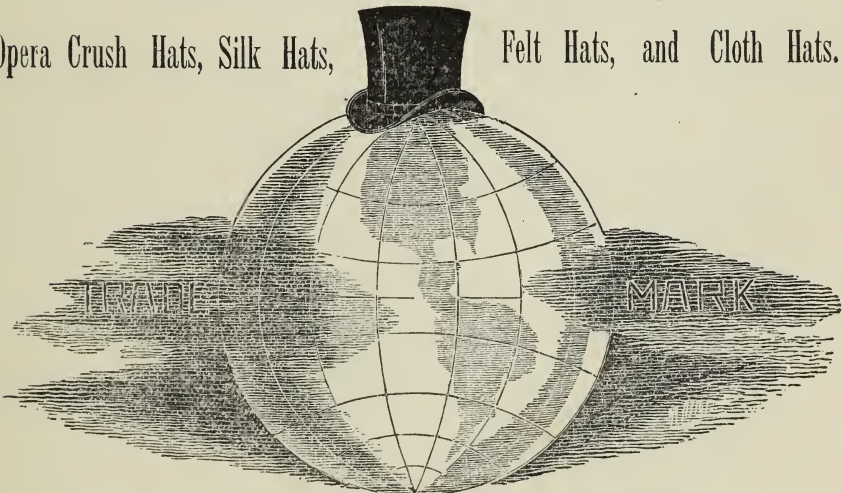
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THE HAUNTS OF THE BOOK-LOVER.

I happened to be talking, last summer, with a gentleman whose pursuits are those of a rich manufacturer in the metropolis, and who shares my own keen interest in the welfare of the library of my native town. "A town library," I happened to say, "does as much good as a church." "More!" was his emphatic reply. There would be little utility, doubtless, in continuing such a discussion of "nicely calculated less or more," between two of the noblest beneficences humanity has ever created or received; but it is certain that the true book-lover, when he enters a public library, large or small, feels a sense that can be described by no other adjective than religious. The head is instinctively bared, the voice is hushed, and the whole manner becomes that of the poet who sang, in his days of health,—

"My days among the Dead are passed :

Around me I behold,

Where'er these casual eyes are cast,

The mighty minds of old;

My never-failing friends are they,

With whom I converse day by day,"—

and who, in old age and failing mind, went softly among the favorite books on his own shelves, patting their backs, though he could

not read them. The Harvard library, notwithstanding the fact that it once suggested to James Russell Lowell a strong similarity to a North River steamboat, is a modest copy of King's College Chapel, Cambridge. Its donor,—

“Albeit laboring for a scanty band
Of white-robed scholars only,”—

like the royal saint whom Wordsworth refused to tax with vain expense, worked for religion only less than the founder of Appleton Chapel. Those who have toiled within Gore Hall have not found that much learning makes mad, but rather makes an optimistic Emerson, a gently helpful Longfellow, and a broadly American Lowell. Once, within those walls, I got as a boy my only glimpse of a lesser poet, now long dead; and I would call myself lucky if some student here would chiefly remember me as a prowler in our own library building, unsurpassed in its kind.

A library, of course, does not need to be Gothic, or huge, or dimly lit, or damp, in order to impress. Wisdom is the principal thing, and the books are the sanctifiers; the shape and size of their abode and its immediate surroundings may vary. “The unworthiness of the minister hinders not the effect of the sacraments;” nor do books, any more than the nuns of whom Wordsworth wrote, fret at their convent's narrow room. Wherever books are gathered, there the book-lover will be,—in the four plain walls of some low, mean apartment; in the rambling alcoves hedging two sides of the Bowdoin Chapel; in the stately Bates Hall of the soon-to-be-demolished public library of Boston; in the costly new book-homes built by rich friends of such towns as North Easton, Quincy, and Chelsea; in the reserved and cold Redwood library of Newport, seeming to stand aloof from the vulgar plutocracy that vainly strives to penetrate the true life of the old town; in the Astor library of New York, hive of busy hacks trying to extract a ten-dollar bill by the process so daintily described by Irving in a “Sketch-Book” paper; over the way at the Mercantile in the same metropolis, where brown paper covers suggest use rather than aesthetics; up at the reverend Lenox, where “non-com-

municating attendance" used to be the function of the visitor to a noble collection of book rarities; in the Grecian temple given to Philadelphia by a dead hand; in the curious circular and domed library of the University of Virginia, where the marble form of Jefferson looks approvingly upon the completed work of his own creation; among the "heaps upon heaps" of books composing the Congressional Library in its present quarters; or within the ancient walls of William and Mary, planned by Sir Christopher Wren, thrice attacked in vain by fire and twice by war. This sentence, like art, is long; but the book-lover's time is fleeting, and he learns, as he passes from library to library, or from book to book, that the riddle of existence is solved only by the perception of self-development Godward through an endless eternity. For him the saddest thing about death, next to parting with one or two loved friends, will be to part with books; but he can elsewhere meet once more the souls of friends, and not less carry with him forever the inner life of his best-loved volumes. And shall not Sir Thomas Browne and Emerson and Shakespeare await him disembodied and free?

So preacheth or dreameth he to whom libraries are cathedrals, and alcoves shrines. But he has haunts of earth as well as of paradise; of the street as truly as of the sanctuary; of daily home-life not less than of public effort. As for his haunt at home, shall he publish to the common gaze his

"Golden volumes, richest treasures,
Objects of delicious pleasures,"

or tell to the non-elect

"What wild desires, what restless torments, seize
The hapless man who feels the book disease"?

Not elsewhere than in the confessional that is somewhere in the penetralia of every book cathedral and of every bibliomaniac's heart or circle of friends.

But who shall conceal those haunts of the reader, the buyer, or the browser, which lie on the very sidewalk, exposed to the gaze

of the merest passer-by? The bookstores themselves are the chief elements of the vacation trip, dreams for the future and memories of the past, even when rifled by the buyer of the one longed-for book which gave them distinction in his eyes. A bookstore is the pathway to future bliss, whether it be the little shop at home, mostly given up to wall-paper or knick-knacks; the mixed establishment of the South, where "Smith's Bile Beans" administer to the fever and ague, and Shakespeare and the Golden Treasury to those shaking under the "fever called living;" the aristocratic purlieu of that Boston book-mart standing on land collegiate for two centuries; or the Nassau street up-stairs-three-stories-in-the-back-room collection of Americana. But there is a *Gradus ad Parnassum*; a lure for the fly; a trap for the fox,—in the shape of

"A crazy bookcase, placed before
A low-priced dealer's open door;
Therein arrayed in broken rows
A ragged crew of rhyme and prose,
The homeless vagrants, waifs, and strays,
Whose low estate this line betrays
(Set forth the lesser birds to lime):
'Your choice among these books, 1 dime!'"

There the book-hunter spends hours, though he never—"well, hardly ever"—picks up a bargain. The only "find" I ever made for a dime in such a place was a dainty little Horace,—"*Parisiis, excudebam Petrus Didot, natu major, in aedibus Palat. Scientiarum et Artium, Anno VIII.*" can you tell me when it was published? But 'tis but a step from the ten-cent sidewalk rubbish to the twenty-five cent counter within; and the last state of the loiterer is in the utmost recesses of the den, bearing in his hand a superfluous duplicate copy of a loved author, of whom he has four editions already, but a manifest bargain at \$18.50.

"No dismal stall escapes his eye;
He turns o'er tomes of low degrees;
There soiled Romanticists may lie,
Or Restoration comedies.
Each tract that flutters in the breeze
For him is charged with hopes and fears:
In mouldy novels Fancy sees
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs!"

But at length, or now and then,— .

“Far through the memory shines a happy day,
Cloudless of care, down-shod to every sense,
And simply perfect from its own resource,”

when he unblushingly found and bought for thirty-three cents a totally uncut copy of Longfellow's “*Proverbes Dramatiques*,” or picked up for a quarter Volume I (all published) of an American edition of Shakespeare unknown in the Barton collection. And when the book-lover reads of an auction at which the “*Proverbes*” fetched twenty-three dollars, he retires to the haunts of his own soul and chuckles with a quiet glee, which even the *mens* (or women's, to borrow the joke from “Rejected Addresses”) *conscia recti* is powerless to bestow.

Charles F. Richardson.

A MISSION OF FICTION.

In the September number of the *New Princeton Review* Andrew Lang declares his dissatisfaction with the character of modern fiction: “The novel of the new religion, the novel of the new society that declines to have any religion, the novel of dismal commonplace, and the novel of the divorce court.” This seems a comprehensive enumeration of the latest types of the nineteenth century novel.

Just now that one is most fortunate who may have escaped enthusiastic questioning about the two brilliant novels which have set the world agog, and were, perhaps, the strongest as well as the latest incentives to this complaint and plea of Mr. Lang. Agnosticism, or humanitarianism, sugar-coated, and artistically shaped for enticement, is melting on the palate of the fiction-reading world. To ask what we are tasting is the natural question, but it would seem to have been answered overmuch. The pulpit has thundered forth its warning note; the theologian in review without number has given widest range to his power of doctrinal analysis, and wielding the keen blade of scathing criticism as only

the acute divine can wield it, has laid bare faltering logic, with its attendant fallacies of fact and assumption; while the honest critic of letters has been overjoyed at the opportunity of bestowing upon literary art a praise seldom merited.

After a careful reading of "John Ward" and "Robert Elsmere," and an equally careful examination of the criticisms of churchmen, philosophers, and *litterateurs*, it would be an absurdity for one still to echo a question long since satisfactorily answered. But, strange to say, another question, far more important in its relation to the world of fiction because involving the present condition and future growth of the novel, seems to have escaped the thought of all. *Why* are we so interested in these religious novels? The answer is not so simple as at first it might seem. Intrinsic merit in a novel seldom fails to win its due appreciation, but this fact should not blind us to the realization, in this case so important, that the success of the reception of the novel depends very largely upon the temper of those that receive. "Robert Elsmere," by the divine right of power inherent in marvellous strength and beauty, would sway the reader against his will; but its companion novel, more logical in doctrine, yet greatly inferior in power of thought and less charming in that freshness and sweetness of expression which stamp the other a literary classic, would fail of leaving as marked an impress as it does, unless heart and intellect were eager for, even craving, that which it offers. We welcome the religious novel, because we are weary of "the novel of dismal commonplace," and the novel of commonplace sinfulness.

"Read me, and learn to live," exclaims the modern novelist; "I will picture to you life just as it is." We lent a ready ear. We desired an encouragement to master ourselves and our surroundings. We sought an inspiration. We would read no more to forget the sorrowful and the painful. We would learn to live, and find entertainment in the learning. Away with anodynes!

Since the rise of the realistic school of fiction, our imaginations have been steeped in petty passions and petty pains. We read of vulgar people and their vulgar lives; of foolish country youths, and giddy, giggling shop-girls. We read of culture, of fashion,

of money; and the cultured, the fashionable, and the moneyed alike, delight to prate of empty nothings. We read of poverty, of vice, of crime; and the hideousness of sin and despair is portrayed in its minutest detail. This is life indeed, but it is not all of life. To read of such life as Mr. Howells and Mr. James present to us, despite their consummate mastery of the art of expression, is a discipline which ends with discipline. We find neither invigoration nor rest as the goal of our effort. And it is no different when we turn from the miserable pettiness of these master American novelists to the terrible realism of the "tremendous Tolstoi" and his fellows. If we are the more sickened, we are also the more fascinated. Yet, if we will be honest, what else is this fascination than a morbid curiosity bred and nurtured in an atmosphere heavy with impurities?

Mr. Lang voices the sentiment and wish of many in his indignant protest against the "constant self-flagellation" imposed upon the reader of modern realistic fiction. Yet, I think, Mr. Lang himself falls into error in making no distinction between the type represented by the religious novel, and the novel which thus far has been considered the type of realism. To him it seems that one should be as much shunned as the other, for both deal with the stern realities of life. Mr. Lang would seek the realm of the impossible that he might forget the realm of the real. His is an Epicurean doctrine, applied in a novel sense,—Live, and read fiction to forget that you do live.

Granting that Mr. Lang may be right in the main, I am inclined to think that few will follow to the extreme to which his radicalism tends. Allowance should be made for the sudden revulsion of feeling occasioned by a nausea, which is but temporary. Utter disgust with the methods and work of certain novelists who pride themselves upon "holding the mirror up to nature" may, but it should not, lead us to forget that the highest fiction must contain a didactic element. Our desire, though cruelly disappointed, still whispers, Live and read fiction to learn to live. The strait-laced Puritan who thinks all novel-reading a sin, because life is so short and so serious, is not after all so far wrong, when we

think of his crude conception. To him a novel, or story of any kind, is a web of falsities woven from the brain of a dreaming fool. Now, I would not be understood to decry the fanciful and the fantastic. The immortality of the well loved fairy tales of our childhood, and the beauty and charm of many a dream in words, which in our maturer years we read again and again, would effectually prove the folly of any such thoughtless attempt. But can we live on dreams and anodynes? Wine brings comfort and exhilaration; a morphine pill gives oblivion; and romance such as Mr. Lang delights in would serve the same purpose. But most of us prefer nourishment, rather than stimulant, or opiate.

“Robert Elsmere” and “John Ward” are not romances. They are as really realistic as “Silas Lapham” and “Anna Karénina,” but their realism is a realism for which I plead. It is a realism which deals of causes first, and then of results, which tells of the forces working within us our eternal destinies, but gives prominence to the foolish, trivial, and wicked things of life only when they serve to define character as to its present, past, and future. Bear in mind, my plea is not for the *religious* novel, but for the novel that reveals the deepest thoughts and highest aspirations of the human soul. Mrs. Deland has been harshly criticised for portraying impossible characters. Certainly the relation between the Calvinistic preacher and his shallow wife was unnatural, if not impossible; but that there are just such natures, in their essential characteristics, as John and Helen Ward, I myself cannot doubt. Even admitting the story untrue to any modern religious thought and life, in contrast with some “rattling romance” like “Mr. Barnes of New York,” or with a tale of commonpace happenings as “A Minister’s Charge,” it appears a creation of a higher rank of fiction, and that, simply because it treats of the deep things of life. Mrs. Ward has presented to the world a masterly study of character. I cannot feel in sympathy with the religious thought in “Robert Elsmere,” nor can I see, as some fear, that it will shake the belief of many; but I cannot help seeing and feeling that this remarkable realistic portrayal of hope, faith, love, and their opposite qualities, working in lives similar to our own, in contrast with

one of Mr. Lang's "literary anodynes," is much like a comparison of the marvellous picture of an old master, breathing forth life and love, with a soulless, but artistically correct, modern painting.

That knowledge of character in general is essential to particular knowledge of one's self is a truism, but it serves my purpose to repeat it in this connection. Contact with the world helps individual soul-growth, because the soul sees what it is by contrast with what it might be. In like manner character-knowledge and growth may be sought through the medium of fiction. Indeed, I have thought that many gain more real knowledge of themselves through the characters similar and dissimilar to themselves which they meet in the imaginary world of fiction than through those which they meet in actual life. Then, it is evident that the realism which paints *actions* only, making a specialty of picturing those words and deeds of mankind which are most inconsequential, cannot teach and help.

We want a realism that pertains more to the type than to the individual. This is the realism of George Eliot. Romola, Tito, Baldassarre, are as distinctively individual characters as can be found in any novel of the ultra-realistic school, and yet the lessons of a love that turns to hate, of a selfishness that destroys itself in destroying all else, and of a revenge as relentless as the affection from which it sprang was sincere, will be ineffaceable, though the characters that taught them be forgotten. We finish the simple, pathetic story of Maggie and Tom Tulliver, and we are stirred to the depths. Why is it? The superficial reader will marvel at the art of the author. But it is not the *way* in which the tale is told. We lived in and with these children on the banks of the Floss. Their thoughts, hopes, passions, were also our thoughts, hopes, passions, and when the flood swept all away forever, we too, for the moment, had perished in the flood.

We have asked the modern novelist for bread, and have been given that which satisfieth not. But we will be patient. Our needs are not every one's needs. If some wish to forget, a mission of fiction is to make them forget. The higher mission is for us.

G. S. Mills.

DIE HEIMKEHR.

The breezes whirl in dances light
O'er the moon-lit plain;
Sere grasses, bending, mark the flight
Of the mystic train.

Deep silence fills the forest shrines,
But for vespers low
That rustling oaks and murmuring pines
Chant with cadence slow.

Belated traveller, to-night
On thy homeward way,
O that these golden moonbeams might
Cleave thy storm-clouds gray!

Alas! the storms that sweep the soul
Like a heaving sea!
Would that the clouds away may roll,
Leaving peace to thee!

J. H. G.

ANNETTE.

The high-handed tyranny of Louis XV was bringing France with swift descent to a second place in Europe. Each day a few seeds were sown which were to bear bitter fruit. In America the French and Indian War was just ended. Stories of wealth in the new world were beginning to creep out from the palace and court, among the hills and lowly peasants, and many were leaving the land of Bertrand de Born.

Francis Cambronne and Annette Lisle were standing before her father's gate busily talking of matters which concerned the lives of both. The sun was yet two hours high, and hung massively like a huge headlight in the hazy west. Everything was quiet. It seemed as though nature had for once got the start of time, and having finished her day task was resting till night. The little French village, some half a mile eastward, appeared to have gone farther away in the murky summer afternoon. The boy's eyes

sparkled as he told his companion how, at the village inn last evening, a party of Spanish travellers and a French soldier, who had been in America, told stories of the land away to the west—of Mexico and gold, of Virginia and its wealth, of Boston and the Indians—until even the charmed French youth fell asleep on his rough seat, and dreamed that he and Annette were gathering gold in the streets of a great city. “I wish we might go together,” and his black eyes had in them all the love that had been growing since they were children together, and he had climbed to capture a bunch of grapes which grew too high for her short arm. The look she gave him said, “I will go;” then, quickly, “My parents will never permit it. You are brave: go, and when you are rich in the new world I will come.” Much more they said; then, just as the sun drew near the hill-tops Francis said good-bye, and turned down the dusty road. A tear dropped upon the old gatepost and sparkled in the fading sunlight as she turned and went within.

The next day, Francis having said farewell to his people and the vine-clad hills he knew so well, was travelling toward Bordeaux. His heart beat quick, and ambitious thoughts made him forget to be sad at leaving the dark-eyed girl for whom he was planning so much. How easy it is to put together the wishes with which we would make our lives joyful; how easy it seems for us sometimes to count upon blessings and pleasure which await the passing of years; yet how many of these wishes and how much of this pleasure must vanish as the days come and go. The wind turns the arrow from its true parabola; we never reach the height of our aim. Francis was doing the easy part now, as he moved quickly along the quiet road. To be sure he had shed a few tears as his mother blessed his going, but the future was too bright for him to be sad long. He was even glad when his ship moved gently upon the water and away. He was even impatient over a week’s delay at Liverpool before the course was to be for Boston. The honest French boy knew little of the world. He had always been happy at home, where each evening seemed a heavenly blessing, and where the beautiful stars and silvery moon had made

his ancestry, hundreds of years before, sing so sweetly that all the world listened. There was no thought that, before the letter he sent back to Annette had travelled to the gate by the dusty road, his ship might be far beneath the dark water out over which he was now looking so wishfully. Yet so it was. Her anchor never touched the new world. No news went before to tell why she did not come, nor back to tell her fate to the little French hamlet.

Days became months, and months years, while the happy French girl became sad with waiting. As the bird stops its song at the first cold wind of fall, and sits listening on its trembling branch as if to hear a message, so the patient maiden waited for each western breeze to bring news which never came. Waiting—say but the word, and how much human suffering is told. Does it all find a blessing at the end? If so, the meeting-ground must often be where our eyes do not reach—in the misty unseen.

It is five years since Francis trudged his happy way up to Bordeaux, but we do not find Annette in her old home. She has come across the sea in search of her lover. Many evenings she had stood looking up the road, and wondering why another letter did not come. His course was for Boston, so we are not surprised to find her in the quiet sitting-room of a pleasant New England home. Here she has been working for eight long months, and not till this afternoon has she told in broken English the story of her waiting—something of which they had read in the tenderly wistful eyes. There are sorrows which cannot be shared, and though kind motherly words were spoken, the good mistress could say little to make the burden lighter. In this kind family she remained through the summer, but when the first leaf on the tall maple in front of the house turned from green to gold it seemed to say, “The year is going: why idly wait?” Seated beside her chamber window at night, the distant northern hill-tops seemed to beckon her away, and voices seemed to come on the night air. Was it fancy? It may have been. Did she imagine all this? If so, it was the reaching out which meets a heavenly message. How many lives are shaped by these words which come from we know not where!

Only a few more leaves had turned to gold on the tall maple when Annette left her friends behind, and went—whither the hill-tops called. She wandered along many dusty roads, only pausing for food and shelter at some village inn or lonely farm-house. Many travellers as they passed wondered whence came this dark-eyed girl, and a few more thoughtful tried to fashion her life out of the deep sadness so plainly told. Now and then her eager questioning seemed to find a trace, which would vanish with each new day.

Finally, at a little village on the Merrimack, her heart beat quicker as she questioned and listened. Yes, away to the north was a logging-camp, and in the party was a young man who had come from France, and was certainly like to her description. The kindly innkeeper thought the chances were small, yet Annette was almost sure it was Francis, and chattered away as she had not since leaving her own little cottage. You have seen the sunshine and rain together: such was the glimmering hope in this darkening life. That night she kissed her little string of beads more tenderly, and spoke a more fervent prayer, pressing the while the little cross which hung around her neck close to her heart.

The next morning's sun was a little late to see the journey renewed, and the setting of the fifth from this found her in a quiet valley. Annette was tired from so long a tramp, and her feet were growing heavier at each step. Now and then she looked up at the high, forest-covered domes, which seemed to beckon the touch of heaven. The silent, beautiful heights made light the weariness of a moment ago. Suddenly, looking away up the perpendicular side of the cliff, she stopped abruptly; still looking, she rubbed her eyes and looked again. Could it be? She grasped her little string of beads. Away up the rocky wall was the "Old Man of the Mountain," and in each plainly drawn feature she saw those of Francis, her lover. She did not move. Yes, there was his broad forehead, and each feature true to life. The great face seemed to smile a welcome, and come nearer to the motionless girl. The gloomy pines on either side were throwing their shadows

together, but the coming darkness was unnoticed till a voice spoke cheerily,—“A noble face has the ‘Old Man o’ the Mountain,’ my pretty lass.” She could only answer, “Beautiful.”

Joe Thorne, the trapper, was just returning from a daily round to his cabin a little way up the path. Annette soon questioned him about the camp. “That loggin’ camp be four miles up the valley, lass. Stop with my wife and me to-night; i’ the morn, as I go the roun’ of my traps, you may come along.” They went up the path together.

That night, after the frugal meal was finished, and Joe had kindled a fire in his black pipe, she told them her story. As in simple and broken English she let them know her life, the old pipe went out, and the honest trapper brushed away a tear as each anxious word brought back memories that were dim. His good wife, with more tender sympathy, buried her face in a great print apron and wept. When Annette had finished, no one spoke, but the silence of the little room whispered a human pity near to that which is divine.

By next day at noon Joe Thorne and Annette had reached the camp. The suffering of years may centre in an hour. So it seemed to be with this patient girl, as she looked along the line of choppers, and Francis—must she believe it—was not there. Was this the answer to all her prayers? All night long the poor girl cried bitterly. There are times when the heart fails, when heroism finds no reward. When the heart aches most, heaven seems farthest away. She did not pray, for she could not. In the silent, dark hours, the voices which had given life to hope died out. What shall I do? Where shall I go? The wind outside seemed to repeat her questions. There, in the still night, Annette asked herself if there were such a place as heaven, and her own heart if it could keep on beating and waiting. Finally she longed for light, that she might look again and see if still there might be seen in that “Great Stone Face” the likeness of her lover, or was this, too, but a vanishing token of comfort. When the sun was up she went outside the door, and, seated on an old log, studied each feature. Yes, there was the same noble brow, the same kindly expression,

and, as she looked long and earnestly, the strong outlines seemed to soften in tender sympathy. Ah! human nature is grand as it struggles. All day she sat there motionless, and at night her lesson was learned.

Annette only wished now that she might stay here under the shadow of this rocky mountain. The permission came before the asking. That night the old trapper said,—“My wife and me don’t know what you’ll be doin’ now, but we’d be right glad to have you stay with us. We’re gittin’ well along, and she’s lonesome as I go my roun’s; ’sides, she has many a sick day now.” This was a long speech for the quiet old trapper, and he pulled more vigorously at his pipe as if to make up for lost time.

So it was settled. Annette remained in this humble home, working about the little cabin, and caring tenderly for the sick woman. They learned to love her light step and gentle ways. As winter came, she used to sit beside the little kitchen window on sunny afternoons, and look away up to that stony face which meant so much to her. At other times she never smiled. After looking long and intently up the mountain-side, her dark eyes would grow brighter, and a sad smile would light up the pale face. The old man soon learned her ways, and never spoke to her at these times. How noble is the life when beautiful thoughts and beautiful acts are woven into a web which has some glimmer of the divine.

Winter changed to summer again. The seat by the window was given up for a moss-covered rock a little way from the cabin door. She was just the same, only a trifle paler. The old man often looked at her tenderly before going to his traps, and as he went up the narrow path brushed away a tear, saying sadly to himself, “She’ll not long be here.” Tradition has it that the lonely maiden used to sit thus when the moon was out even till morning, and one might hear her half audible prayers in the still woods.

The first breath of cooler wind on a pleasant fall afternoon sent a shiver through her slight frame as she sat upon her usual moss-covered seat. The sun was just as high, and it was the

same day of the year that she had been so happy by her father's gate long, long ago. Why was she so tired? Her weary head rested against the old sheltering maple; a few leaves fell down and clung in her flowing hair. The little brook rippled along more quietly as it came near, touched the maiden's skirt as it fell to the water's edge, and then with softer murmuring hurried on, as if going to tell what it had heard to some one in the great sea. The sunlight seemed to soften with its mellow light the "Great Stone Face," and, making its way down through the golden foliage, kissed the cheek so pale and white. Perhaps a heavenly blessing went from those stony lips along one golden pathway to meet the spirit as it sped along the other, whispering ere it reached the eternal home, "Well done."

O. S. Warden.

A MID-WINTER SONG.

Old Winter is king, and the sleigh-bells are ringing;
The red, leaping flames up the chimneys are singing.
Heap wood on the fires, and load tables with cheer:
We'll conquer the cold at the birth of the year.

The mountains and hills in white mantles are sleeping,
The hues of the summer the hemlocks are keeping,
And over the windows, in tracings of white,
New forests are drawn in the chill of the night.

A laugh and a song are the weapons we wield:
To music and mirth even Winter shall yield,
Though now o'er the meadows the wild wind may blow,
And heap at the roadside white billows of snow.

Ozora S. Davis.

A BOY'S SUNDAY.

Ever since my birth, I have spent a portion of every year in a little country village of Essex county, Massachusetts. Its sequestered farms, its low, gently sloping hills, its sluggish brooks, its hot, flat meadows, are as familiar to me as the apple-trees and garden-plots in my own yard at home.

I never return to the old haunts without being reminded of the happy days I spent there when a mere child. Vague memories of long-forgotten playmates hover about me. The stone walls around the fields, the prim box-wood hedge about the patch of nasturtiums and asters by the side of the old-fashioned tavern, insurmountable barriers shutting out my wandering childhood's feet from the treasures within,—all the well known features are there ; but they seem to have been dwarfed by the compressing hand of Father Time.

Among the pleasant memories of daily sports which the old associations call up, there stands out with fearful distinctness one day, the first of every week, which used to be to me a day of constant tribulation and trial. My grandparents, under whose charge I was wont to spend the summer, though always kind and loving, had very rigorous views about the proper way of passing the Sabbath. Saturday night my playthings were all locked up in the bureau drawers. Jack the Giant-Killer, Robinson Crusoe, even the instructive accounts of the travels of the precocious Rollo, were taken from me ; and I knew that what reading I perused on the morrow must be in the pages of the Pilgrim's Progress, Rasselas, The New England Catechism, or the Bible. As my love of reading at that time was but slightly developed, I could still have enjoyed my Sunday idleness in wandering over the fields, hunting in the grass for bobolinks' and sparrows' nests, had it not been considered necessary to "train up the child in the way he should go" by inflicting upon me the two-hour service in the little village church.

Preparations for the event of the day were begun immediately after breakfast. My grandmother made me discard my common clothes, and invest myself in a sombre suit of black. About my

neck was fastened a stiff, high collar—an abomination equalled in my eyes only by the tight, ill-fitting, box-toed shoes in which my feet were encased. My face was washed, my clothes were brushed, and I was sent into the parlor to sit quietly on the treacherous hair-cloth sofa until we should be ready to start. At half-past nine the “hired man” led up to the front door a tall, bony, grayish-white horse attached to almost the only two-wheeled chaise that remained in the town. We took our seats, and, after a copious expenditure of cluckings on the part of my grandfather, the aged steed slowly gathered himself together, and, casting a reproachful glance behind him, carefully begun his journey.

I shall never forget that Sunday morning ride;—my grandmother, awe-inspiring in her black silk dress, gold-bowed spectacles, and beaded bonnet, holding in her lap her Bible and an immense peacock-feather fan; my grandfather, with his gray eyes, beneath his huge stove-pipe hat, fixed intently on the road, while he safely piloted us over ruts and “thank-you-marms” towards the meeting-house; while I, riding bodkin, thought only of my neck, constantly chafed by my rough-edged collar, and of the cool water down at the river-side beneath the maples and bending willows.

A sudden turn in the road brought us upon the church. About the doors were the young men of the neighborhood, repeating to each other the gossip of the week, discussing the religious, the political, and the agricultural outlook, and commenting upon the appearance of the arrivals. When the horse had been cared for, we went within, and, walking up the broad aisle to our pew, took our seats in silence.

During the singing, Scripture reading, and prayer, I usually managed to conduct myself with credit. There was a little novelty in hunting for new faces in the pews near us, and in trying to guess what hymn would be sung; but when the text was announced and the sermon was begun, I looked about in vain for amusement. The learned exposition of the good old pastor was far beyond my comprehension. I counted again and again the uneven row of dark round spots about the wall, left by the weary

heads of generations of worshippers. I made faces at a little girl across the aisle until my grandmother perceived my occupation, and gave me an admonishing pinch, which made me quickly turn my attention to other things. I watched the flies lazily drifting in at the open windows, and listened to the shrill call of the locusts outside and the droning of the bumble-bees in the clover. How my poor, pinched feet, dangling helplessly far above the floor, did throb and ache; how the hard pine back of the pew hurt my head and tired my neck; and how the knobs and bunches did seem to grow up suddenly beneath me as I twisted and wriggled from end to end of the cushion, while grandmother sat contentedly in the corner against the wall, slowly moving to and fro her mammoth fan, and occasionally, in sympathy, passing me a piece of preserved ginger, which bit my tongue and brought the tears to my eyes, though serving to keep me awake. As a last resort, I would take from the rack the little thick volume of Watts' Hymns, and, with morbid interest, read over and over again my favorite, "Hell: or the Vengeance of God:"

"Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

"Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks, and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dipt in the blood of damned souls.

"There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both Thy hands.

"There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out and howl beneath Thy rod:
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.

"Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son!
Sinners, obey thy Saviour's call!
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall."

But all things mortal must end. With anxious expectancy I heard "ninthly" and "tenthly" give way to "finally," and "finally" to "especially, my brethren." Once more we rose while we sung the closing hymn, and bowed our heads as the benediction was pronounced, always "well spoken" to me.

As we grow older, childhood's troubles seem to us to have been but trivial, and we look back upon our youth as a time of most perfect pleasure. But though I have forgotten many of the trials and disappointments of later years, there often comes back to me in my dreams that little, old, country meeting-house, with its uncomfortable pews and its long sermon, and I become once more the child of six years, wondering at my constraint and longing for freedom.

C. A. P.

A TRIOLET TURNED THRENODY.

A voice is lost from our choral choir,
And our muse weeps over a tomb.
Cease, yearning joy! Cease, sweet desire!
A voice is lost from our choral choir.
Cease the light dance, and the unstrung lyre
Bedeck with the hyacinth's star-light bloom.
A voice is lost from our choral choir,
And our muse weeps over a tomb.

W. S. R.

THE CHAIR.

To all students of American history, in any of its phases, Mr. McCulloch's "Men and Measures of Half a Century" will be a welcome addition to a class of literature which, until within a few years, has been almost wholly unoccupied. There is no national interest which does not receive attention, while his statements and reflections on public questions have been dictated by practical experience. We are glad it is becoming the fashion for public men to write books. No effort can more fittingly crown the public service of a great statesman, soldier, or financier, than an endeavor to instruct his people upon those questions about which they need to know. Theorize as we may upon political and economic questions, so varied are the influences and counter-influences which tend to thwart natural tendencies, that they must often be vain. We all listen to what such a man says, because we have confidence in his capacity. Actual conditions clearly seen show much of the future. They are only clearly seen by those at the head. This tendency among our public men, to tell the nation, in their declining years, what they have seen and learned, must bear fruit. Such works as "Grant's Memoirs," Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress," Sheridan's "Memoirs," and the above mentioned, are agents of instruction in the broadest sense. They tell us facts which the historian proper could never gather, and will be invaluable to whoever may hereafter undertake the, as yet unwritten, final history of the American people. Their opinions point to those in advance of present credence and in a line of advance. Men of business, and indeed often the student or man of culture, will not listen to theory; but public experience, when presented with literary merit, cannot fail to please while it instructs.

A college journal of superior quality does not become so all at once. It is by an advance along many lines that each comes up on to higher ground, and that they all together reach a higher stand-

ard each year. It is careful attention to each part and department that makes the whole excellent. Much has been said, editorially and otherwise, about the heterogeneous mass of general college news, to which many publications give considerable space. This department, when properly filled with items of general interest, is both valuable and instructive; but so great is the evident carelessness in clipping, and so little effort is made to sift out the probable from the improbable, that the whole department is not worth the ink which prints it. So much creeps in that has not a semblance of truth, that the whole is well-nigh worthless. One has to read the college press but a short time to be filled with wonder as to what or whence is the source of their remarkable statements. Some great statesman is declared to have been a graduate from college halls which he has never seen; large bequests are mentioned, which have little or no reality; changes in college government and discipline, which are generally new to the institution, mentioned. This ought not so to be. If the department is worth having at all, it is worth more careful preparation. In accuracy alone lies its value. Until the standard of correctness becomes much higher than at present, it will be useless except to "fill up," or as an indifferent reader may glance through it to find something laughable about his own college.

'Perhaps the most glaring weakness in the make-up of a college student is his constant need of reminder. So varied are his occupations, and so many are the agents trying to impress here a fact and there a duty, that each claimant seems to find his studied inattention well-nigh invincible. When this "LIT." reaches you, '91, there will yet be left about three months in which we shall be patiently awaiting the competition that is to give you as many places on next year's board. We are glad you have not been entirely silent, and hope to receive much more in the next few weeks. If you are going to try, do not put it off until the pleasant spring days will make the work a grind.

It seems to be becoming an established custom that the appearance of every *Ægis* shall be followed by discipline more or less

general and severe. When '90 gave us their annual, no one thought it contained anything which could merit a forced vacation, or heavy punishment of any kind. Hence there was not a little surprise manifested at the course which has been taken. It is not, however, so much the fact that discipline has been used, as the method, that college opinion seems to condemn. If any action were needed, the method is manifestly what makes it unequal and unjust. That all should be placed on probation is an equal application, but that scholarships should be taken away from those who need them, and no additional punishment placed upon other members of the board, to say the least does not partake of a spirit of fairness. We think college opinion is not far from right in its disapproval of their treatment.

The new running track, overhead in the Gymnasium, is an improvement long desired, and we are assured that this points to a series of changes which in the end will give us a place where our athletes may have proper training. All such changes, of course, cost money, but we venture the remark that money expenditure cannot be where it will be more truly appreciated than in the good work already begun.

Prof. L. T. Townsend, of Boston University, who graduated from Dartmouth in '59 and was toast-master at the last alumni banquet in Boston, opened the Alumni Lecture Course Tuesday, Feb. 12, with the subject, "Transcendentalism in Every-Day Life: or, Learning how to Climb." He will be followed by Hon. George A. Marden '61, Charles R. Miller '72, editor-in-chief of the *New York Times*, and Dr. John Ordronaux '50, of Columbia college. The latter gentleman will speak on "Corporations as the great Commercial Force of Modern Times."

The LIT. wishes to place itself among those kindly greeting the *Collegian*. Its general appearance is attractive. Taste and ability are shown in its make-up. The literary merit is high. The departments are all interesting, and the standard of the first number deserves support. We leave the review for another department.

BY THE WAY.

No failing of the college student has been shown up more mercilessly by business and professional men than his want of practical or commercial knowledge, and acquaintance with the rudimentary principles of business.

We all know how easy it is to fall into the easy life of the college, to avoid the restriction of any system, to keep irregular hours and evade penalties which we know to be just, to run over the time for excuse or for the return of library books just a few days, to forget appointments and even our wash-woman and our tailor. These and a hundred other imperfections seem to thrive in the atmosphere of genial college influence, and it might be a question whether or not they lend a fascination to the Bohemian life we lead, and make it seem attractive when viewed from a distance, in after years. We will say they might almost be excused "in college." But before long each of us must in turn step out from the protection of our Alma Mater and face a practical and exacting world, in whose composition there is not a grain of sentiment or charity for unfitness. And when this examination comes, if these "inconsistencies," so small in themselves, are massed in such numbers as to give coloring to character and worth, they will prove a serious hindrance to success.

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No one was ever heard to blame any one but the student for these little failings.

I once heard a professor say, "We want to teach our young men business habits." But I am inclined to believe that much of the "peccancy" mentioned above is due to the example set by those in authority, who administer affairs in a manner not calculated to inspire a high standard of punctuality among the students; and so

the contagion spreads. To specialize, our reports are not sent out until one might be excused for forgetting what were his studies for the past term, and they appear in a form unintelligible to most parents; they do not specify whether deficiencies are for recitations not made up, or for examinations, and the study in which the deficiency occurs is not indicated as formerly. These are partly evils of the present marking system, which should be changed to correct these annoying defects; but in other ways the students are encouraged in evasions and delays.

Now, when so much is being said and written upon the technical and scientific schools, their many advantages and growing importance, the more the institutions of broader culture can make observance of the business principles of every-day life a part of their instruction, both by example on the part of instructors and by requirements on the part of the students, the better equipped will be the alumni of such institutions to compete with the specially trained men from other schools.

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Some one has said "The language and forms of passion and charity are known of all;" and in this, charity must include courtesy, for the language of true politeness is as universal as that of passion.

Before me lies a small volume which is supposed to inform one on "The Correct Thing in Good Society," to the exact observance of the minutest detail of social customs. I could not help thinking, as I turned the leaves, that "they are actions which a man might play," as Hamlet tells his mother. And what a useless thing these minute directions would have been to Joe Gargery, in the old forge on the marshes. And yet, when occasion required, he could act with a kind of grand courtesy, and one would never think of the polished action that was wanting.

A true spirit of politeness, like every true impulse, comes from the heart. "Manners may be imitated, indeed. The manners of Aaron Burr were called fascinating; but they were chromomanners, the ingenious mimicry of deep and tender color."

THISTLE-DOWN.

THE SCARLET LETTER.

[This poem, written on a leaf in a copy of the "Scarlet Letter" owned by the college library, has been referred to often, and we print it, not because it is smooth or strong, but as illustrating the feeling often awakened by that powerful story.]

Genius hath left this chivalrous bequest,
This "Scarlet Letter" on the woman's breast,
And, in accordance with the world's decree,
Hath let the greater criminal go free.

We see the same brave lesson herein wrought
That o'er and o'er to woman hath been taught:
Of all the laws on Sinai's sacred stone,
The seventh was made for her, and *her alone*.

As hers the crime, so hers shall be the curse—
Thus cry "Creation's lords" in prose and verse;
"Society" hears their decree, and then
With righteous impulse answers loud "Amen."

I do not seek to stop the Nile with weeds,
Nor overthrow this bravest of man's creeds;
My utmost strength would never make it sway;
I neither weep nor rave: I only pray,—

"Thou God of vengeance, whose 'I will repay'
Holds more of comfort for my soul to-day
Than all the words of joy that thou has left
For sin-tossed souls of earthly joy bereft,—

"Grant that for every woman who shall rise
Beneath the resurrection morning's skies,
From north or south, from farthest east or west,
With this sin's scarlet letter on her breast,—

"For each one, grant that there may come one man,
Within whose forehead all may plainly scan
The letter C, and know the brand to mean
A greater coward than the world hath seen."

I do not seek to stop the Nile with weeds,
Nor overthrow this bravest of man's creeds;
But whensoe'er I kneel, by night or day,
This prayer toward heaven shall find its upward way.

BEFORE THE PARTY.

Being the lament of a young lady who has read "The Correct Thing in Good Society" from contents to finis, and yet has a word of complaint.

Oh! yes, you tell me everything,
 You small, blue-covered book,—
 Just how to wear a wedding ring,
 Just how I ought to look,
 And dance, and bow, and laugh, and walk,
 Just how to wear my hat,
 The proper way in which to talk,—
 Indeed! the whole I've read;
 But if to-night my anxious Fred
 Should ask an answer, Yea or Nay,
 You stupid book, what shall I say?
 Now tell me that!

Ozora S. Davis.

SQUASH BLOSSOMS FROM THE HANOVER PARNASSUS.

A DISCOVERY.

No, motion's poetry ne'er is found
 In turning the Holtz machine,
 In navigating the slippery walks
 In front of the new tontine,
 Nor in an air Passumpsic car
 With many a soothing bump,
 But lurks unknown in the fairy grace
 Of our swan-necked college pump.

PAST AND PRESENT.¹

The tide of life ever onward flows;
 The old heroes are lost in gloom,
 And deep dust rests upon Milton's nose
 In our beautiful Senior room.

CRAYON BLEU.

The issue of the second volume of Prof. Charles F. Richardson's *American Literature*¹ marks the completion of a work which will be of very great value, not only in the present but in the future. Prof. Richardson's aim in undertaking a task of such evident difficulty was to substitute philosophical for expository criticism, analysis for description; to study the "relations between the Saxon mind in England and the Saxon mind in America;" to show "what American writers have thus far done worthy to be mentioned beside Goethe, Schiller, Hugo, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Carlyle, George Eliot, and all the great writers of this and previous centuries;" and to investigate "the environment of our literature." His method was to study the development of the two lines of imaginative and non-imaginative literature down to the present, approximately, keeping perspective carefully in mind. He has succeeded in producing a painstaking history of our literature; he has given a careful study of the influence of environment on the earlier productions; he has traced the influence of England on America. His style is brilliant and forcible; he uses his rare ability to characterize an author or time by some single word, so that his criticisms are irresistibly driven home; he has treated honestly but sympathetically the colonial writers and the modern poets; his work, especially in the first volume, has a continuous progressive movement. Thus the new history seems to us to be a careful, authoritative statement of our literary progress, having a very interesting biographical element and a strength of analytic criticism. Nevertheless, we think Prof. Richardson has not attained his purpose in the second volume as well as he did in the first. The study of environment has been nearly abandoned, as well as the study of English influence. The purpose at the outset was to show what our authors have produced worthy to be compared with the acknowledged literary masters of England and the continent; but he makes hardly any direct-comparisons, and does not show us why any of our books are "world's books." The chapters on Emerson and Hawthorne are gems, and little like the loose, unsatisfactory treatment of Bryant. The great limitation seems to us to lie in the fact that Prof. Richardson asserts, rather than proves by analysis and comparison. There are monotonous repetitions of trite Latin phrases,—a serious fault in the author's style,—as well as verses and titles of books, poems, or stories. Of six quotations on one page, two have been given before, and "The Gold-Bug" stares at us from every available place in the chapter on Poe. We also quote a sentence, perhaps the most incomprehensible because of the fault we wish to notice, but nevertheless illustrative: "There is a place for poets below Sophocles, Horace, Dante, Shakespeare; for we know not when the sphere-song or the nature-word will come from such lyrics as these." "Stale Minerva-comparison" and "middle-earth" can be understood by those who have been schooled in Anglo-Saxon and the classics, but are Greek to the ordinary reader. Prof. Richardson has not succeeded fully, but his success far outweighs his slight failures, and we congratulate him, as well as Dartmouth, on the completion of this truly important work.

¹ *American Literature*. 1607-1885. By Charles F. Richardson. Vol. II. American Poetry and Fiction. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.00.

There is something soul-stirring in the very mention of the struggles of the Netherlands for liberty. William the Silent and Olden Barneveldt, Alva and Parma, are names which stand for what is high-minded and patriotic in contest with bigotry and oppression. The real importance of this little land redeemed from the sea is forcibly brought out by Prof. Rogers in his *Story of Holland*,¹ as follows: "I hold it that the revolt of the Netherlands and the success of Holland is the beginning of modern political science and of modern civilization. It utterly repudiated the divine right of kings, and the divine authority of an Italian priest, the two most inveterate enemies which human progress has had to do battle with." The purpose of Prof. Rogers is to write a short narrative history of this interesting nation. The history of the country is so mingled with that of England, France, and Spain, that it is very difficult to so picture all the surroundings that causes may be clearly comprehended, and at the same time be concise. On the whole, the author has succeeded. He has illustrated the influence of Holland's commercial relations, given sketches of great campaigns and leaders, and his treatment of the history is both accurate and sympathetic. The index is very good, and the illustrations valueless. For a short narrative history *The Story of Holland* is very useful, especially in its presentation of Dutch patriotism and commercial influence.

The general satisfaction felt and expressed among us at the announcement last spring of a collection of Dartmouth verse has developed into a gratification and pleasure most commendatory of the beautiful little volume now in the possession of every lover of poetry in our own college circle. A careful examination of *Dartmouth Lyrics*² reveals quality of verse which speaks highly of poetic effort in the present and immediate past, and encouragingly of our literary future. It is noticeable that the selections are short, graceful, and finished,—thoroughly representative of modern artistic verse, the province of which is to charm by delicate accuracy and daintiness of expression. The editors merit much praise for their sound judgment in not adopting what might be called an historical criterion of selection,—admitting verse which, excellent in its way and for its time, would now seem ponderous and overwrought. Yet that length alone was not a factor of exclusion is seen from the poem "Waiting," unquestionably the finest of the collection. It was no light task that devolved upon Messrs. Davis & Baker, and the college feels grateful to them for their courage of conviction displayed in correct judgment of the proper scope of such a collection of verse, for their critical ability and good taste, and for the inspiration to poetic production naturally resulting from this treasuring up of the sweetest and daintiest songs of the past.

G. S. M.

To an alumnus of Dartmouth the increased scope and typographical elegance of the college annual must give pleasure. We receive from the present Junior class the most substantially bound and carefully printed *Aegis*³ which we remember to have seen. The book contains heliotypes of the college yard, the Glee Club, the University Eleven, and an excellent portrait of Prof. Charles F. Richardson, in addition to the usual society engravings. The only innovation deserving unqualified praise is the short notice of honors and writings which the editors have placed after the names of the faculty. As a college di-

¹ *The Story of Holland*, by James E. Thorold Rogers. In "The Story of the Nation" series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888. \$1.50.

² *Dartmouth Lyrics*, edited by Ozora S. Davis and William D. Baker. For sale by Ladd & Smith. Mailing price, \$1.25.

³ *The Aegis* ['90]. Published by the Junior Class of Dartmouth College. Mailing price, one dollar.

rectory the *Aegis* is up to the standard. The drawings are most carefully executed, but lack originality and aptness on the whole. In limiting the number of "grinds" the editors deserve praise. The "Children's Corner" and "Verses" are excellent, and in sharp contrast with "The Hanover Socialist," which seems to us malicious and witless. Perhaps a practical observation to be drawn from this year's annual is, that college men will not tolerate childishness and self-conceit on the part of their fellows, and that the manliness and ability of students or instructors are always appreciated and honored by the undergraduate. Mention in the college annual should produce a little self-examination and reform; not a foolish resentment. We think ninety's *Aegis* has equalled but not surpassed the standard already set for our college annual.

We have received from the J. B. Lippincott Company a new reader,¹ which is composed of admirable selections, many of which have been written especially for the book. The miscellaneous readers in graduated sets of some years ago are being well replaced by others of an exclusively historical character. The purpose of the *Patriotic Reader* is to illustrate the development of liberty by short extracts from historians, orators, essayists, and poets. The book is marked by unity throughout, the selections are never long enough to be wearisome, and, aside from its practical worth as a book for school use, it is a valuable anthology of sterling, patriotic utterance.

*True or False Finance.*² This is a little pamphlet which savors more of a typical campaign document than a candid discussion. Its opening remarks upon national finance are true enough, but its application is distorted, has the partisan tone of a newspaper editorial, and the usual number of statistics which prove nothing. Fair discussion is lost in overstatement of its own case and a failure to recognize counter arguments. It is a tirade against protection, which depends more upon statement than upon impartial reasoning.

We acknowledge the following books, which will be reviewed in our next issue: *Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries*, by Rodolfo Lanciani, LL. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. *The Story of Mediæval France*, by Gustave Masson. New York: Putnam's. *The Prelude*, by William Wordsworth; *Preparatory French Reader*, by O. B. Super; *Testa*, by Paolo Mantegazza; *Judith*, edited by Albert S. Cook; *History of Pedagogy*, by Gabriel Compayré. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. *General Astronomy*, by Charles A. Young; *Elements of Integral Calculus*, by W. E. Byerly; Allen & Greenough's *Latin Grammar* (revised edition); *History of Greek Philosophy*, by B. C. Burt. Boston: Ginn & Co.

THE COLLEGIAN.

The first number of the *Collegian* is an unqualified success. Mr. Abbott has set for himself a high standard in this first number, and we sincerely hope the undergraduates of our colleges will furnish such material for the pages of future numbers that there will be even an increase in the strong quality of the work in the January issue. The contents of the magazine have been recited by nearly every college publication, and we may therefore consistently mention what seems to us the most significant part of this number. It is the

¹ *Patriotic Reader*, by Henry B. Carrington, U. S. A., LL. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1888. \$1.20.

² *True or False Finance*, by a Tax-Payer. Questions of the Day, No. LV. New York: Putnam's. 1888. \$0.25.

"Eclectic and Critical" department. Here, the editor has given us a general view of student work in college publications. He has made many selections, with excellent taste, has given us a few just criticisms, and produced a department of twenty-five pages in which we take an honest pride. If college journalism is producing work of such merit as the clippings show, we can point to it with no small triumph, and demand the respect for it which is often denied by sneering critics. Therefore this one department, in its accurate presentation of what college journalism really is, and its helpful criticisms and encouraging words of praise, seems to us a sufficient demand for the hearty support of the new venture. And when, in addition, it prints such works as "Incompleteness" and "From My Attic Window," we are neither dubious nor over-enthusiastic in extending the most hearty words of commendation from the LIT. to Mr. Abbott and the *Collegian*.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

With the November number *The Century* began its thirty-seventh volume. Two great features of the magazine which are to continue throughout the new volume are already well known to the public,—the Lincoln history, and the papers on "Siberia and the Exile System." During 1889 *The Century* will publish the most important art feature that has yet found place in its pages. It is the result of four years' work of Mr. Timothy Cole, the leading magazine engraver of the world, in the galleries of Europe, engraving from the originals the greatest pictures by the old masters. A series of papers on Ireland, its customs, landscapes, etc., will appear, and there are to be illustrated articles on Bible scenes, treating especially the subjects of the International Sunday-school Lessons. George W. Cable will write "Strange, True Stories of Louisiana." There will be novelettes and short stories by leading writers, occasional articles on war subjects (supplemental to the famous "War Papers" by General Grant and others, which have been appearing in *The Century*), etc., etc. *The Century* costs four dollars a year, and it is published by The Century Co., of New York, who will send a copy of the full prospectus to any one on request.

The Atlantic Monthly for 1889 announces as a small part of its attractions for the reading public three serial stories,—The Tragic Muse, by Henry James; The Begum's Daughter, by E. L. Bynner; Passe Rose, by Arthur Sherburne Hardy. *The Atlantic* for 1889 will contain Literary, Social, Historical Essays, Stories, Poems, Travel Sketches, Papers on Education, Politics, Art, by the foremost American writers. Terms: \$4.00 a year in advance, postage free; 35 cents a number. Remittances should be made by money-order, draft, or registered letter, to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 4 Park street, Boston, Mass.

Ginn & Co., Boston, announce *An Introduction to the Poetry of Robert Browning*, by William John Alexander, Ph. D., to be published in February. The book opens with an account of Browning's most striking peculiarities in method and style, and attempts to find an explanation of these in the conditions amidst which the poet has worked, and in the nature of the themes which he treats. In the next place, an exposition is given of those general ideas pervading his work, which can only be gathered from the study of many of his poems, and yet are needful for the full understanding of almost any one of them.

EXCHANGES.

Well, here are our old friends again, all breathing forth the spirit of the season just past, and some gloriously regal in holiday attire. We thought Christmas joys and reminders gone for another long year, and it cheers us up wonderfully to find these lingering traces of the blithesome Christmas-tide. What a charming custom is this, in our periodicals, of elaborate observance of the season in external, artistic design, in boundless wealth of illustration, and in appropriate literary matter. Each year brings new triumphs of originality and marvels of beauty, and it is always progressive change. We think it a sign of the abundant vitality of the college press that it ventures into this field of enterprise, more properly the domain of publications which have the financial backing and resources of contribution denied the college periodical. All credit and honor, then, to the overworked undergraduate editor for his display of good-will in the liberality of his gift. May his painstaking work be richly rewarded by that appreciation and commendation so dear to every servant of the multitude.

Though we are about two months late, we must make brief mention of several of our December exchanges.

The Christmas number of the *Yale Courant* has a very neat, artistic cover, alluring us to taste the many good things inside. The verse, appropriate to the season, is particularly good.

The Brunonian also appears in a glowing crimson dress. "A Fortunate Error" is an amusing little sketch.

A bright winter scene adorns the cover of the *Tuflonian*. "The Spirit of Christmas Joy" is the typical Christmas story of peace and good-will.

The Vassar Miscellany has an introductory poem, three sketches, and a story, all upon the one theme of the season. We think the "few extra touches" produced a most creditable number.

The January number of the *Nassau Lit.* opens with a prize oration of much more than the average excellence, entitled "The National Antipathy to the Negro." Though short, it is packed with thought, comprehensive and eloquent. "Jane Heath" is a sweet, simple story, with an under-current of thought at once tender and impressive. We would that we might have more like it in our college publications. "The Religious Novel" is a philosophical essay, which carefully and accurately discriminates between just and false criticism of the legitimate province and purpose of the novel. The writer reasons that the form of the novel is not to be logical, but may be based upon an assumption, nor should we condemn it, if we seek and fail to find in it logical proof, for then we would not be criticizing it as a novel, which is primarily a work of art, but rather as a scientific work or critical essay. We think his position correct and well maintained. We quote a recapitulatory paragraph, which is "at once a criticism upon a work of the character of *Robert*

Elsmere, and a criticism upon its critics: "The novel proves nothing logically. It does offer a corroboration of its own of the truth by its own method, which is the method of art. A principle or creed is assumed, a character is created consistent with this creed or principle, and this character, because it is a living person and not an abstract principle, excites our approbation or our disapprobation, and this approbation or disapprobation is the result of other elements in our nature than the purely intellectual. And because the method is other than the method of logic and the faculties employed different,—that is, because it is an independent method,—it is capable of corroborating the results reached by the logical method." The prize poem, "The Light of Life," we think the feature of the number. Depth of thought and an artistic finish of expression are combined most successfully.

In the *Williams Lit.* for January, "Chaucer's Love of Nature" is a light, pleasant essay. "Phedelia, A Story of Siam," is interesting because of its novelty of scene. "An Unexpected Début" has an improbable plot, but that does not detract from its entertaining quality. Though there is a manifest lack of the substantial, the five prose articles and two poems make it a readable number.

We clip the following:

THE STORM HOST.

Soft enfolded in the gold
Of the dying sundown glow,
Angel faces aureoled
Leaning o'er the weald and wold,
Watch with love the world below.

Visions monk would long to limn
Weirdly flash and fade on high,
And mid strains of distant hymn
Myriad wings of cherubim
Drift like mist athwart the sky.

From high purple battlements
Seraphim uprise and blow
Toward mountain summits, whence,
As from giant warriors' tents,
Scarlet banners float and flow.

Then the armies of the blest
Proudly from their sleep arise,
And, Crusaders' Cross on breast,
Onward marching toward the west,
Raise the din of battle-cries.

—*Nassau Lit.*

A DIFFERENCE.

In the sleigh there was only just room for us two.
There was nobody else to forbid it:
The music of sleigh-bells beat time to my heart—
And some way or other I did it.

There was love in the air that we breathed; the white snow
 Was tinged with the sun's golden glory.
 Well,—I spoke—and she gave me the mitten point blank!
 That's the long and the short of the story.

The wild rush of happiness you do not know—
 You can't know unless you have tried it.
 What's that? Why, she gave me the mitten—that's true—
 But her dear little hand was inside it!

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

SONNET.

Beyond the passing pleasure of the hour
 There is a charm indefinite; to sail
 In unknown waters, leaping with the gale,
 With canvas spread to catch its rushing power.
 To search some unknown spot for budding flower,
 Or, wand'ring in some lone, deserted dale,
 To seek the quiet of its deepest vale
 Where Silence sleeps in her secluded bower.

Within the wood of Chance man loves to try
 His varied fortunes, and he longs to turn
 Where, ever distant and yet ever nigh,
 Hope stands and beckons to him to discern
 Her pretty sister Pleasure nimbly fly
 Along before him through the tangled fern.

—*Williams Lit.*

Literary articles in periodicals:

- The Work of John Ruskin. Dr. Charles Waldstein in *Harper's* for January.
 Victor Hugo. A. C. Swinburne in *Fortnightly Review* for January.
 Emile Zola. Miss Emily Crawford in *Contemporary Review* for January.
 Pen, Pencil, and Poison. Oscar Wilde in *Fortnightly Review* for January.
 The Moral Purpose in Howells's Novels. Anna L. Dawes in *Andover Review* for January.
 False Philosophy in Robert Elsmere. Dr. McCosh in *Our Day* for January.
 The Religious Element in Modern English Poetry Before Tennyson. John A. Bellows in *Unitarian Review* for January.

ALUMNI NOTES.

That this department may be as interesting and valuable as possible, we solicit contributions from all. Items that may seem unimportant to the contributor will no doubt carry to some readers remembrances of happy but departed days.

The Boston Association of the Alumni, which has now almost rounded out its quarter of a century of existence, enjoyed its annual reunion and dinner at Young's hotel, January 23; and the event was worthy to rank in the line of its predecessors in the interest and pleasure of its proceedings.

At the business meeting the following officers were elected: President, Walbridge A. Field '55; vice-presidents, Halsey J. Boardman '58, James B. Richardson '57, Nathan Strong '63, W. E. Barrett '80; secretary, Thomas W. Proctor '79; treasurer, Charles Q. Tirrell '66; executive committee for three years, Davis Foster '49, H. C. Bliss '68; chorister, Benjamin Tenney '83.

At the head of the table sat the president, Judge Field; and among the prominent persons to be noted at the table were,—Prof. C. F. Richardson '71, Dr. John Ordronaux '50; Dr. Field of the Medical School, A. A. Ranney '44, Prof. L. T. Townsend '59, Henry M. Field '59, J. O. Sanborn '64, Solon Bancroft '64, J. F. Jarvis, M. D., '48, A. W. Edson '78, E. B. Hale '65, Charles W. Bartlett '69, Horace E. Marvin '66, D. W. Tenney '56, L. M. Chase '56, A. B. Coffin '56, Henry H. Kimball '60, John H. Butler '46, Edward A. Upton '55, Stephen M. Crosby '49, E. E. Strong '52, Everett Boynton '45, Leonard S. Parker '36, Mel- len Chamberlain '44, F. W. Choate '36.

A radiant and yet saddening emblem placed on the table in front of the president was a bank of white and red roses and ferns, bearing the legend, "In memory of E. C. Carrigan," and presented by members of his class.

The speaking was opened by Prof. L. T. Townsend, who acted as presiding officer of the evening. The speakers were Professors Richardson and Ordronaux, who represented the college, Hon. Mellen Chamberlain, Dr. H. M. Field, Hon. A. A. Ranney, Mr. George F. Williams '72, Mr. F. W. Choate, Dr. Everett Cole, Mr. J. B. Richardson, Mr. Samuel L. Powers '74, Mr. Ira A. Abbott '70, and Mr. John Hoppins '62, C. S. D. Throughout the evening the pleasure of the proceedings was varied and enhanced by the lively singing of college choristers.

At the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Teachers' Association, recently, Joseph G. Edgerly '67, of Fitchburg, and John O. Norris '66 C. S. D., of Boston, were chosen vice-presidents of the association; Henry Whittemore '66, of Waltham, was elected corresponding secretary, and Walter S. Parker '68 C. S. D., treasurer.

The government of Massachusetts contains an unusually large number of Dartmouth men in its influential positions. George A. Marden '61, of the *Lowell Courier*, is treasurer and receiver-general of the commonwealth. He is well known in political circles, having been connected with thirteen legislatures, twice speaker of the house, and at present occupying the honorable position of president of the Republican State League. Hon. Henry Langdon Parker '56 has been promoted from the house to the senate. He is a member

of the Judiciary Committee and Committee on Rules, and chairman of the Joint Standing Committee on Public Service. William E. Barrett '80, editor of the *Advertiser* and *Record*, is serving his second term in the house. After four ballots in the Republican caucus, he was nominated for the speakership, and was immediately elected by a practically unanimous vote. He is filling his position to the satisfaction of all. Samuel W. McCall '74, of Winchester, is also serving his second term in the house. He is chairman of the Judiciary Committee, perhaps the most important of the standing committees, and is taking a prominent part in the work of the house. Henry S. Dewey '78, of Boston, is a member of the house, and serves on the Judiciary Committee. He has been for three years a member of the Boston common council. Mr. McCall has retired from the editorial board of the *Advertiser*, and will devote his time wholly to his law practice.

'20. Hon. George W. Nesmith was the president of the New Hampshire Electoral College. In casting his vote for Levi P. Morton '81 hon., he remarked,—“Levi P. Morton had been a good merchant when he left Hanover, and had made money—I guess the only man who ever made much money in that town.”

'36. Pres. S. C. Bartlett and wife left for Pasadena, California, on the Raymond & Whitcomb excursion train on December 6. They will return in June. Prof. H. E. Parker '41 takes the president's place in his absence.

'40. Dr. Nathaniel H. Arey, of Webster, N. H., whose death occurred recently, was born in Wellfleet, Mass., on July 28, 1814. After graduation he was a teacher in Salisbury, N. H., and in New York city. He studied medicine in the latter place and in Boston, and began practice in 1843 in what was then West Boscawen, but is now Webster, where he continued in active duty until his death.

'41. Dr. Ira Russell, a widely known physician of Winchendon, Mass., died December 19, after a week's illness of pneumonia, aged 74. He graduated at the New York University Department, and immediately settled in Winchendon. He entered the army as surgeon of the Eleventh Massachusetts. He served subsequently in many positions on the general medical staff in the field, at Baltimore, St. Louis, Arkansas, and Nashville, and was honorably discharged at the close of the war with the rank of brevet lieutenant-colonel. In 1875 he established a Home for Nervous Invalids at Winchendon. He was vice-president of the New York Medical Legal Society, a past vice-president of the Massachusetts Medical Society, a member of the Masonic Order and of the Loyal Legion.

'41. Mr. Bartholomew Wood, who died recently in Newton Centre, Mass., was an old resident of that place. Leaving Phillips Andover Academy in his preparatory days on account of the intolerance of the pro-slavery faculty, he was an early Abolitionist and an original member of the Free-Soil party. He taught in the Lynn grammar school, in a boarding-school at Newton Centre, and in the Adams school of Boston. He was for a long time editor of the *Milford Journal*, and was appointed by Lincoln an inspector in the Boston custom-house.

'42. Rev. Silas M. Blanchard died recently at Hudson, N. H., aged 68 years and 10 months. He was a graduate of Andover Theological Seminary, and had held pastorships in Chichester, Bath, Wentworth, and Hudson.

'43. Hon. Harry Bingham's many friends will be glad to learn of his speedy recovery from his recent severe illness.

'44. Ex-Gov. Bell is writing an extended work upon the Bench and Bar of New Hampshire. He served with marked success and ability as president of the recent New Hampshire Constitutional Convention.

'44. The soldier's monument, presented to the town of Atkinson by William C. Todd, one of its citizens, was recently dedicated. It is a plain Rockport granite obelisk, sixteen feet in height, resting on a base five feet square. On its sides are inscribed the names of forty soldiers who enlisted from that town, and gave their lives for their country. It is located in the public square, near the village churchyard.

'46. Dr. A. H. Quint, of Allston, Mass., delivered an historical address at the 250th anniversary of the First church of Dover. It has been published, together with an account of all the ceremonies.

'50. Med. Coll. Dr. E. V. Watkins, an eminent physician, who has for many years had a large practice in Vermont and New Hampshire, recently died at his home in Newbury, Vt.

'51. Dr. Homer O. Hitchcock died recently at his home at Kalamazoo, Mich., of apoplexy, aged 61. He settled in medical practice at Kalamazoo in 1856. He rose to eminence as a surgeon and physician in northern Michigan, and was for a considerable time at the head of the state medical society and board of health.

'51. Ex-Gov. Redfield Proctor is in California. He will return about March 1, and will attend the inauguration ceremonies at Washington.

'54 C. S. D. Capt. E. M. Howe is receiver of the Houston E. & W. Texas Railroad at Houston. He is a member of the city council, and a very influential citizen.

'56. Charles P. Clark is president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

'57. Ex-Gov. Pingree has been reappointed railroad commissioner of Vermont, and re-elected chairman of the board. He will attend the inauguration at Washington in March.

'57. James B. Richardson, of the Boston law firm of Richardson & Hale, has been appointed by Mayor Hart to the important position of corporation counsel of the city.

'59. Prof. A. C. Perkins, of the Adelphi Academy of Brooklyn, recently suffered from an attack of typhoid fever.

'59. We have at hand an able review of "Vermont in the Civil War," by G. G. Benedict, from the pen of Judge W. G. Veazey, in the Burlington *Free Press* for January 5. Judge Veazey has been elected a director of the National Life Insurance Company, of Montpelier.

'60. Prin. C. F. P. Bancroft, of Phillips Andover Academy, has gone on a six months trip to Europe and the Holy Land.

'60. Rev. Arthur Little, D. D., late of Chicago, was duly installed as pastor of the Second church of Dorchester, Mass. He is well known as one of the strongest men in the North-west, and one of the leading men in the Congregational body.

'62. Hon. E. F. Palmer, of Waterbury, Vt., has the honor of being elected the state superintendent of education to carry into effect the new school law of Vermont.

'63, '66 Med. Coll. Dr. Thomas Goodwillie, a well known physician of Vernon, Vt., died recently, aged 48.

'64. Hon. John P. Bartlett is recovering from his recent illness.

'64, '67, Med. Coll. Dr. S. W. Davis, president of the Citizens' National Bank, of Tilton, N. H., is visiting Florida, where he is reported dangerously ill. A later report says he is recovering.

'67. Abram Brown, of Columbus, O., is president of the Central Ohio Teachers' Association. H. T. Kincaid '83, chairman of the executive committee, will be president for the next term.

'67. Rev. Howard F. Hill has resigned the rectorship of Christ Church, at Montpelier, Vt. He is at present chaplain of the First Regiment, V. N. G.

'67. The following clipping is from the Boston *Herald* for December 27. Mr. Irwin, it should be mentioned, was one of the editors of the first number of the *Dartmouth Magazine*, established in 1867:

"Washington, D. C., Dec. 26, 1888: 'I think I can give you a pointer for 1892 already,' said an Iowa politician to a reporter to-day. 'It is this: John N. Irwin, of Iowa, who was governor of Idaho for eighteen months under President Arthur's administration, has secured a controlling interest in the Chicago *Times*, and that paper will probably have considerable influence in Republican circles hereafter. Irwin is a warm friend of Senator Allison, and his paper will be ready to boom the popular Iowan for the presidency when the proper time comes. . . . By the way, speaking of Irwin,' he added, 'although he held the office of territorial governor for a year and a half, he was only at his post for a month or so; and when the vouchers for his salary were sent him, he declined to take any money, on the ground that he had not rendered service for it. Comptroller Lawrence covered the money into the treasury to the credit of the conscience fund, which very naturally made Irwin mad, but there it stands to-day.'"

'67. John H. Patterson, president of the National Cash Register Company, of Dayton, O., was married, December 17, to Miss Katherine Beck, at the residence of the bride's parents, in Brookline, Mass.

'69. In the Cambridge Series of English Classics, published by Lee & Shepard, Dr. Albert F. Blaisdell gives "Readings from the Waverly Novels," prefacing each reading with a short abstract and critique of the story. He is also the author of "Child's Book of Health," "How to Keep Well," "Our Bodies, and How to Live," "Study of the English Classics," and "First Steps with American and British Authors." His address is Broad street, Providence, R. I.

'69 C. S. D. Lewis G. Shepard, of Kansas City, has gone to California, where he has an engagement as bridge engineer. His address is 22 California street, San Francisco.

'71. Hon. A. T. Batchelder has been chosen president of the Keene, N. H., Improvement Company.

'71. The second volume of Prof. Charles F. Richardson's "American Literature" is on the market, and meets with much favorable criticism. It is devoted to the consideration of poetry and fiction. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

'72. William P. Fowler and sister, of Boston, have received from the Stratford Club of Concord a communication on parchment, thanking them for their generosity in setting aside the best room in the Fowler Library Building for the use of clubs which study the works of William Shakespeare.

'72. At the recent municipal election in Gloucester, William W. French was elected mayor, receiving 2,506 votes, with 170 scattering in opposition. In his inaugural address he makes important recommendations for financial legislation.

'73. Rev. J. M. Dutton addressed the students in Rollins chapel on the day of prayer for colleges, Jan. 31.

'73. Rev. C. J. Richardson, late pastor of the Congregational church in Tamworth, N. H., has retired from the ministry on account of impaired health, and removed to Newbury, Vt.

'73. Rev. Alexander Wiswall, of Skowhegan, Me., is supplying the pulpit of the Congregational church at Pittsfield, N. H.

'74. Prof. Charles H. Pettee, of the Agricultural College, attended the meeting of the American Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experimental Stations that opened at Nashville, Tenn., on January 1.

'75. George I. Aldrich, superintendent of schools of Milton and Quincy, presided over the primary department at the recent meeting of the Massachusetts Teachers' Association.

'76. Rev. H. M. Andrews has resigned the pastorship of the Congregational church at Peacham, Vt.

'77. Mr. E. C. Carrigan's half brother, Henry W. Knight, of Brooklyn, comes out with a letter, denying the statement that Mr. Carrigan was a Catholic, and especially stating that he was not an adherent of any particular creed.

'77. B. F. Robinson, formerly principal of the Littleton high school, and, later, editor of the *Littleton Journal*, has recently moved from that place to Worcester, Mass., where he has become a member of the publishing house of F. S. Blanchard & Co.

'78. Rev. T. C. H. Bouton, of Dunbarton, N. H., has become stated supply for the Congregational church at Hopkinton.

'78. E. M. Vittum recently moved from Connecticut to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where he is pastor of a Congregational church. He attended the class reunion at Hanover last Commencement.

'79. Thomas W. Proctor, assistant district-attorney of Suffolk county, Massachusetts, was a Democratic candidate for school committee at the recent municipal election in Boston.

'79. In Manchester, November 26, to Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Upton, a daughter.

'80. George H. Danforth, superintendent of schools of Walpole and Bridgewater, delivered an address on the "Primary Teacher of To-day," at the recent meeting of the Massachusetts Teachers' Association.

'81. On Tuesday, December 11, George Willis Patterson was ordained a minister of the Gospel by an ecclesiastical council of Congregational churches at Bristol, N. H. Rev. F. D. Ayer '56 was chairman of the council, and offered the ordination prayer. Dr. W. J. Tucker '61, of Andover, Mass., delivered the sermon, and Rev. E. H. Greeley '45, of Concord, gave the charge.

'81 Med. Coll. Dr. Charles Goodspeed, of North Abington, Mass., was recently found dead in the sleeping-room of his office. For several years he was one of the surgeons in the Brooklyn, N. Y., General Hospital.

'82. The Central Congregational church of Middleboro', Mass., has extended a call to Rev. J. B. Lawrence, of Norwalk, Conn., and it is understood that he will accept.

'83. Alfred E. Watson, of Hartford, serves again this' year as clerk of the Vermont board of railroad commissioners.

'84. A. E. Marden is attending the Boston Medical College, and teaching in the Quincy night schools on Tyler street, Boston.

'85. Louis Bell spent his winter vacation with Dr. P. S. Conner '59, of Cincinnati.

'85. Frank L. Whipple has accepted the chair of chemistry in the Chicago College of Dentistry, where he will go about March 1. He leaves a similar position in the Lawrence, Mass., high school.

'85. Richard Hovey has a sonnet in the January number of *Scribner's*, entitled "Beethoven's Third Symphony."

'86. F. P. Batchelder has a fine position as principal of the high school at Junction City, Kan. He has four teachers and 250 students under him.

'87 C. S. D. D. M. Hildreth has secured a position in the topographical department at Washington. He obtained the position by examination, competing with men from such schools as Columbia, Troy Polytechnic Institute, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His work is copying topographical surveys.

'88. T. O. Harlow has accepted the call of the Baptist church at Wilton, N. H., subject to the approval of an ordaining council.

'88. L. F. English, of Englewood, Ill., spent the holiday vacation with his brother, in Lincoln, Neb.

'88 C. S. D. C. R. Spalding was not married last fall, as reported in our December issue. We were misinformed. Our apologies are due to Mr. Spalding for circulating a false report.

'88. Married, in Mansfield, Mass., December 4, at the residence of the bride's parents, Miss Cora V. Chase, daughter of G. G. Chase, to Charles H. Morrill, principal of Haverhill academy, Haverhill, N. H.

'88. F. L. Pattee has been obliged to leave his school at Eatontown, N. J., on account of a severe attack of pleurisy, and is now at his home at Bristol, N. H.

'88. F. L. Keay is in Hanover, spending a three weeks vacation.

'88 C. S. D. W. B. Hazen reports himself engaged on the engineering corps of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Company. Wages, \$65 a month and expenses. His address is Salida, Col., Box 548.

'88 C. S. D., Non-Graduate. Leon Viau is reported as saying that he objects to playing ball on Sundays, and for that reason would like to get into the league. He is in Hanover this winter, and has been engaged to coach the base-ball team.

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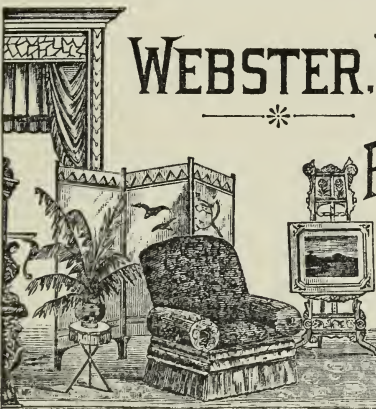
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